Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe,
God giue you ioy; what, are you both pleased?
Thai. Yes, if you loue me sir.
Per. Euen as my life, or blood that fosters it.
King. What, are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes, if it please your Maiesty.
King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now sleepe slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made lowder by the ore-fe beast,
Of this most pompous marriage feast:
The Cat with eyne of burning coale,
Now coutches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the losse of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, Ile plaine with speech.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one doore with attendants, a messenger meetes them, kneeles, and giues Pericles a letter, Pericles shewes it Symonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thaysa with childe, with Lychorida a Nurse, the King shewes her the Letter, she reioyces: she and Pericles take leaue of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painfull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull search,
By the foure opposing Crignes,
Which the world together ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and high expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*,

Fame

Fame answering the most
To'th Court of King *Symo*
Are letters brought, the te
Antiochus and his daught
The men of *Tyrus*, on the h
Of *Hellicanus* would set o
The crowne of *Tyre*, but h
The mutany, he there haste
Sayes to them, if King *Per*
Come not home in twice s
He obedient to their doo
Will take the Crowne: the
Brought hither to *Penlapol*
Irony shed the Regions ro
And euery one with claps
Our heyre apparant is a K
Who dreampt? who thoug
Briefe, he must hence depa
His Queene with childe, m
VVhich who shall crosse a
Omit we all their dole and
Lychorida her Nurse she ta
And so to sea; then vessell
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe
Hath their Keele cut: but
Varies againe, the grisle
Disgorges such a tempest
That as a Ducke for life th
So vp and downe the poor
The Lady shreekes, and we
Doth fall in trauaile with
And what ensues in this se
Shall for it selfe, it selfe per
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the rest con
VVhich might not? what
In your imagination hold

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH